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ECHOES OF GREATNESS.

By JOHN S. WISE.

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I did not meet Mr. Cleveland until after the expiration of his term. My term in Congress ended when his first Presidential term began, and I left the Capital the same day. Blaine's defeat was a great disappointment, and I presume I was as narrow and as bitter as the average politician and took myself off home to rub my sore spots. During the first year of Mr. Cleveland's Administration I was Republican candidate for Governor in my own State, and of course the whole power of the Administration was brought to bear against me. It was during this campaign that I first held communication with young Roosevelt. One day I received a kind note, in mourning, written from Center Moriches, signed Theodore Roosevelt, expressing interest in my campaign, and the hope that I might be elected. The mourning was for the first Mrs. Roosevelt, and the writer was only about twenty-nine years of age. I was defeated for Governor by the returns and removed to New York. Mr. Cleveland also came to New York after the expiration of his first term, and it was here I first met him at some public function. I remember his saying, "Why, I knew all the other Wises," naming each. "How is it I never met you before?" To which I laughingly replied: "Mr. President, I did not have anything you wanted and you did not have anything I could get, so I kept away from you." Oh! said he good-naturedly. "You are the bad one, are you? I know you now."

I liked Mr. Cleveland from the first and he has proved himself my friend in many ways. Although I never voted for him, I have a great respect and regard for him, and believe that he made a good President. I do not mean by that to endorse his political views, but I regard him as a sound, conservative statesman, whose chief fault, in the eyes of his followers, was that he was better than his party.

But I do not intend to discuss his politics. My purpose is simply to portray the man as I have known him, and to convey some idea of his personal characteristics. The first time I was ever thrown with him more or less intimately was at a famous dinner given by the late John Russell Young to a number of his friends. Mr. Young was a lovable man, and had warm friends in all parties. The group of people he assembled on the occasion now described was quite remarkable.

I remember that General Sherman, Mr. Cleveland, Chauncey Depew, Mr. John W. Mackay, General Roger A. Pryor, Tom Ochiltree, and many others were present. They were all people who at one time or another in their public careers, had felt the generous friendship of Young and become attached to him. It was a regular love feast, and we had a good time. Our common love of field sports brought Mr. Cleveland and myself together as we had never been before, and we promised each other that some day, when we could both find time we would go shooting together.

After that, whenever we met we were good friends, and once or twice I tried to induce the ex-President to go on shooting trips with me, but something always prevented our going. Finally, the Presidential election of 1892 came around, and Cleveland turned the tables upon President Harrison and defeated him. I supported Harrison loyally and ardently, but with a feeling of much greater respect and regard for Mr. Cleveland than I had evinced in prior campaigns for, differ as one may from him, no man who knows him can fail to realize that there is a great deal of rugged simplicity and real manhood in Grover Cleveland.

Now it so happened that when I lived in Virginia I formed a warm attachment for a deaf-mute. He was a remarkable character in this, that notwithstanding his infirmity he was an ardent sportsman and a wonderful handler of dogs. He was very bright and very pertinacious. He broke dogs with a whistle and by signs, and as he could not yell at them and confuse them

as so many dog-breakers do, his pupils were singularly well-broken. He and I became sworn friends, and I gave him many dogs to break. When we first met I wore a tall silk hat, from which he began to refer to me in all his sign language as "Stove-pipe," and continued to call me that until he died, only shortening the designation to "S. P.," as mutes are wont to do. He taught me the sign language, and he also wrote a remarkable hand very rapidly. He was a man of unusual intelligence, interested in literature and politics. I do not think he had very definite political views, but it was sufficient for him to know that his friend, "S. P.," was a Republican to make him one also. The poor fellow, in answer to my comments upon his excellent information, had always but one reply: He would shrug his shoulders and say: "What good does it do me? I cannot apply my knowledge. There is nothing for a deaf-mute to do."

After Harrison's election I aided in having him made postmaster at the little town where he lived, and it was a veritable Godsend to him. It was the position, above all others in the world, for which he was peculiarly fitted. He knew every patron of the office; he was very methodical, sober, domestic, and always at his place. Accustomed to study every writing submitted to him, no instruction or requirement of the Department escaped him, and they told me at the Post-Office Department in Washington that his office was really a model in regard to reports, details and observance of requirements. He was the proudest creature I ever saw. Obtaining that little office and finding that his work in it was so satisfactory to his employers gave him a new joy in life, and made him no longer feel that there was no sphere of usefulness for him by reason of his infirmity. His letters to me were voluminous, and filled with gratitude and renewed hope.

Well, when Cleveland came back into power the Virginia Democratic Congressmen gave notice that "to the victors belonged the spoils." Poor old Turner (that was the mute's name) wrote me doleful letters, telling me the Democrats had their eye on his place and intended to turn him out, not only because he was a Republican, but because I had put him there. He took it philosophically, but showed that he felt no hope. I tried to cheer him up, but did not know on what ground I could encourage him.

One cold evening in the winter of 1892-3, after the Presidential election, but before Mr. Cleveland's inauguration, I found myself standing at the Rector Street station by the side of Mr. Cleveland. It was snowing and we were waiting for a train on the elevated road to take us to our homes. I had received that very day a mournful letter from Turner.

"Ah! Mr. President," said I cheerily. "This is an unexpected pleasure—unless you are so proud of your victory that you will not speak to Republicans."

"Hello, Wise!" said he in the most democratic fashion. "Oh, no, I'm not so proud. I think you will be regarded as no longer dangerous."

The train came up and we took seats side by side. I said something pleasant of a personal nature, and we soon began to talk about shooting. He said it would be a fine day for brant shooting.

"Mr. President," said I, "if any one had told me I would be holding up my plate for soup to you some day, I think I would have resented it, but here I am among the earliest wanting a favor."

I then told him about the deaf-mute who was such a fine dog-trainer. That interested him; particularly the way the man used his whistle and made signs with his hands. I then told him the story of his appointment and the pride he took in his post-office as I have told it above. He listened attentively and finally said:

"Of course he ought not to be turned out. If it was you of course you'd have to go. But robbing a poor devil like that of the only thing he is fit for would not be politics, but just petty meanness. I cannot remember things like this, but when I name my Postmaster-General you

see him, and if he doesn't help you I will."

So Mr. Cleveland and I parted at his station better friends than ever. Soon after he was inaugurated and his Cabinet had been announced, I, being in Washington, called upon Mr. Bissell, his Postmaster-General, and began to tell him of the case of J. Marshall Turner, postmaster at Walkerton, Virginia, and my desire to have him retained. He interrupted me by saying:

"Didn't you say something about this to the President?"

"Yes, I did," I replied; "but it was a long time ago and I had no idea he remembered it."

"Well, I do not think he remembered the details, but he told me that if Wise came to see me I must help him. And this is the case, is it—you and Mr. Cleveland and the dog-breaker? Go and see Maxwell, Fourth Assistant. He'll help you."

So I went to Maxwell, a New Yorker and good fellow.

"I'll help you," said he. "I'll just lose the papers, and it will be a long time, I promise you, before anybody finds them."

Thanking him, and feeling sure, from knowledge of how such things are done, that it would be a long time before they turned Turner out, I wrote him to be of good cheer. He thought I was a magician.

Fully twelve months went by and I heard no more of Turner, by which I knew he was still in office. One day, just as I was preparing to go to Washington on other business, I received a telegraphic mail:

"I am turned out. See Richmond paper." In half an hour a Democratic paper published in Richmond was placed in my hands. It had a flaming announcement:

"Bounced at Last. Wise's Man Must Go. Congressman Jones Triumphs After a Hard Fight."

Then the paper told what a valiant and protracted battle Congressman Jones had made to get this office for a worthy Democrat, against my wily tricks to keep Turner in, and how, at last, I had been vanquished and a new man whose name I have forgotten had been appointed. I laughed heartily, for I am sure I had not heard a word about Turner or his post-office for a twelvemonth. But there had been battles royal in Washington.

The next day, when I had finished the business which took me to the Capital, I called at the Post-Office Department, and first sought out Mr. Maxwell. He met me with a broad grin, and said:

"Well, old fellow, I did the best I could. I held the papers until a peremptory demand that I should find them came from the Postmaster-General."

"Thank you," said I. "I know you did your best. Now tell me, what is the matter with the Postmaster-General?"

"Why, man alive, that Congressman down there has made his life a burden," said he, giving me some details of Mr. Jones' importunities. "One word more," said I, "and I'll go. Has the bond of the new postmaster been approved?"

"No."

"Has his commission been signed?"

"No."

"Will you hold them until you hear from me?"

"Yes, if you let me hear to-day."

"Good," said I, and went to the Postmaster General.

Mr. Bissell was a very large and not a very polished man, and, when I entered his office, showed that he was not glad to see me. His first greeting was:

"Well, sir, I know what you have come to see me about, and I want to say to you that I think you have been shown all the consideration which a Republican is entitled to from a Democratic Administration. In the effort to protect your man I have submitted to more abuse and insult from Congressman Jones than I have received from anybody since I entered upon the duties of this office. He has gone so far that I ought to have ordered him out. But, thinking I might have treated him badly, I concluded to give it up and appoint his man. I can do no more for you. It is not worth while for you to protest."

I saw his temper, and felt sorry for the way he had been annoyed.

"Mr. Postmaster-General," said I gently, "you misapprehend me. I am not here to chide you or to protest. I am here to thank you for all you have done, and to express my regret that I have put you to so much trouble and raised such a storm around you." It was the soft answer that turned away wrath. Seeing that he was mollified, I added gently: "Have you approved the new man's bond?"

"No."

"Have you signed his commission?"

"No."

"When will those things be done in the ordinary course of business, Mr. Postmaster-General?" I ventured this last inquiry in the most seductive way.

"Why, as soon as they go through the regular routine. In a day or so, I presume," he answered gruffly.

"Well, now, Mr. Postmaster-General, I know how good you have been to me. Is it stretching your kindness to ask you to hold up these signatures for twenty-four hours, so as to enable me to see the President?"

"See the President!" he exclaimed. "You don't think the President will mix up in a matter of this size, do you?"

"Hardly," said I; "but then he might. Will you not wait for me?" He hesitated a minute and then, whirling his revolving chair about, said:

"All right! I'll wait a day. And after the way that Congressman treated me, I don't care what the President does."

I tipped the wink to Maxwell as I went out of the Department, and hurried in a cab to the White House.

I found the President surrounded by Democratic magnates. One of his feet was in a great cloth shoe, for he was recovering from an attack of gout. He greeted me cordially, pointed to a large sofa near a window, and bade me sit down and read the paper until he was through with his visitors. It was a beautiful spring morning, and the sunlight lit up Arlington and the Monument and the Potomac. Out on the lawns the great red-breasted robins were hopping about, bobbing for worms. It was an ideal day for shooting—snipe shooting at Jamestown. It seemed an interminable time before the last of his visitors withdrew, and then Mr. Cleveland limped over to me with his lower lip pouted out and curled, as is his wont when in a good humor.

"Sorry I kept you so long," said he, taking a seat beside me.

I answered: "Oh, get through with your janizaries and prebendaries and stipendiaries, Mr. President, and come with me!"

He chuckled and repeated to himself, "Janizaries and prebendaries and stipendiaries," and then said:

"Well, what is it?"

"Snipe!" said I. "Come on, I have a private car all ready. We'll slip out of here quietly and go to Williamsburg, drive thence to Jamestown Island and have a bully time. Look out of the window, Mr. President. Look at the haze. It actually smells like snipe."

May Heaven forgive me for that Munchausen story about the private car. I had nothing of the kind. But if the President had consented the car would have been there, for dear old Frank Thomson, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, loved hunting as well as we did. He and I had been out several times, and a telegram would have brought him whirling into Washington with car and all. The yearning look given by Cleveland at my bidding was almost pitiful. With a deep sigh he said:

"I wish I could! But no, can't go. No use. And even if I could, I've promised another man."

Seeing that there was no chance of his going, and having him in a good humor, I settled down to business.

"Mr. President," said I, "they are trying to kill my little ewe lamb."

"What's your little ewe lamb?" he blurted out with a perplexed look.

Then I told him of the row at the Post-Office Department. As I proceeded I saw a negative cloud

settling on his face. Finally, when I grew eloquent and said, "Turning that poor devil out is like striking a woman," he interrupted me, saying: "Look here, Wise, do you think I was put here to settle rows over fourth-class postmasters? What can I do?"

I knew how stubborn Mr. Cleveland is when he is combed the wrong way, and I thought my case was lost. "Now, Mr. President," said I, "you ask: 'What can I do?' You can, if you will, do the nicest little thing you ever did in your life, and it will not be very troublesome. Just write on a card: 'Postmaster-General: Take no further action concerning Walkerton post-office until you hear from me.' Sign this and give it to me, and I'll forgive you for going back on me about that snipe hunt."

He turned his head sideways and his face rippled into a smile.

"No," he said; "you leave the address and I'll write the letter. I must go now."

I thanked him and was withdrawing when he called me back. "Say, for fear the letter may not reach there in time, you'd better drive by the Department and tell Bissell it's coming."

Nobody ever did a kindness more graciously than Mr. Cleveland. Certain of the result, I returned to New York, after calling at Mr. Bissell's office as directed by the President. When I told Mr. Bissell, he said:

"Glad of it. Now Jones and the President can fight it out. But, Mr. Wise," added the Postmaster-General, "the charge is that your man is an 'offensive partisan' and that he talks politics."

Stealing close to him I said in a low voice: "Whatever other charge I may be unable to disprove, I can knock that charge into a cocked hat. My man is deaf and dumb."

I never afterward met Mr. Bissell that he did not ask me if my man was still talking politics.

When I reached home I wrote Turner that he was all right provided he did not talk politics. Turner died in office long after McKinley's election, and I had told him to bang Grover Cleveland's and McKinley's pictures side by side. He always had nicknames for his favorites. His name for Mr. Cleveland was "Old Durham." He said he looked like John B. Davis' (a neighbor of his) Durham bull, which he admired greatly. In time, the President's abbreviated name in all our correspondence became "O. D.," just as mine was "S. P."

Another year passed by and I heard no more of Turner and his office. One day, on the cars, Holmes Conrad, a Democrat, met me. He was an office-holder under Cleveland in Washington.

"Look here," said he, "what sort of a pull is this you have with the 'old man'?"

"Pull? Old man?" said I, for I was not thinking of the subject.

"What pull? What old man?"

"Why, Mr. Cleveland, of course," said he. "That's what we call him."

"I have not seen Mr. Cleveland for six months," said I. "What are you talking about?"

"Harry Tucker told me all I know," replied Conrad, laughing.

"He says you whipped out the whole Virginia delegation."

Curious to hear more, I probed him, and he told me:

"Harry Tucker says that, some months ago, Billy Jones called upon him and the other Virginia member to go up with him to the White House in a body to see the President about a post-office concerning which he considered himself badly treated. So on a certain morning they assembled and demonstrated in force. They were all there and Jones was to be spokesman. Old Grover seemed to be in a very good humor. 'Well, gentlemen, what can I do for you?' said he, smiling. 'Mr. President,' began Jones, 'we have come to see you about a matter in which I think I have been badly treated. It is concerning the post-office at Walkerton.' As he uttered the word Walkerton the President's whole manner changed. He looked at Jones and said sharply: 'What's the name of the postmaster?' 'Turner,' was the reply. 'Is he deaf and dumb?' inquired the President. 'Yes.' 'And you want to turn him out?' 'Yes,'

'Well, that ends it! I won't do it. There are two thousand post-offices in Virginia. You may have nineteen hundred and ninety-nine of them. This one is mine. That man is deaf and dumb—and he breaks John Wise's dogs! Turning him out would be as mean as striking a woman. I will not do it. Good-day, gentlemen.' And he turned on his heel and walked away, leaving them utterly dumfounded."

One night, years afterward, I told the story in a party at which Mr. Cleveland was present, and he laughed his jolly, shaking laugh, commenting at its conclusion: "Those fellows made as big a row over that little postmastership as if it had been First Auditor of the Treasury."

Since the retirement of Cleveland from office I have seen much more of him than ever before, and I have always found him a congenial companion and kind friend. In order to appreciate him one must have been with him as I have been. On two occasions he has honored me by visits to a little shooting and fishing place in Virginia. First of all, he is a thorough sportsman. I have seen his patience tried both as a fisherman and a gunner, and in this quality he is perfect. He has had as good wild-fowl shooting as any man in the United States, yet I have known him to sit, on a calm, sunny day, in a duck blind, for ten consecutive hours, with nothing but a simple luncheon to break his fast, and nothing but whistles and buffle-heads coming in to his decoys, and then he has come home at night with nothing but a dozen "trash" ducks as the gunners call them, yet as content and uncomplaining as if he had enjoyed real sport. Then, on a fishing excursion, I have seen him when the boat went aground; when the bait gave out; when the oil in the steam launch became exhausted and we were delayed several hours; when we were caught in a summer squall; in all sorts of trying and worrying predicaments; and no man in the party took his "streak of lean along with his streak of fat" more stoically or more complacently than Mr. Cleveland.

On one of our excursions a dear little fellow from the neighborhood was of the party. He had good dogs and had joined us to aid in giving the ex-President good sport. He was the very opposite of Mr. Cleveland in physique. The two conceived a great fancy for each other, and as Mr. Cleveland was particularly anxious to do some quail shooting they sallied forth together, presenting a most amusing sight as the big ex-President walked along with a companion at his side looking like his little boy. But the birds had been badly shot off, and the ex-President was not a first class pedestrian, so I think they had but indifferent sport.

To my surprise, I found that Mr. Cleveland ate very moderately and was abstemious in the use of liquors. In the latter respect he has been grossly misrepresented. He shone best in the evening gatherings when the cigars were lit and merry conversation went around. He is one of those men who loves companionship, and seems to inspire good-fellowship without at any time taking an active part in the conversation himself. What he most enjoyed was a game of cribbage with his devoted friend, Commodore Benedict, while the others of us kept up a running fire of anecdote and reminiscence. He seems to possess the faculty of paying attention to his game and at the same time enjoying to the full the conversation about him. I think I never saw any man who delighted as he does in negro dialect stories, and I had one story about the burial of Corporal Billy Gilliam which Mr. Cleveland has made me repeat to him I think a dozen times. I can see him now, in fancy, with his eyes shut until they were like mere slits in his face, his expressive mouth puckered in laughprovoking merriment, and his body shaking all over as I told him about the band burying Billy to the tune of "Hop Light, Ladies."

There is, too, a serious and most attractive side to the ex-President. In our strolls about the beautiful Cape we sometimes talked of the difficulties of the Presidential

office. I recall one evening when we were out walking alone. He was interested in some of the farm work and we had been to inspect it. The sun had set across the beautiful Chesapeake, which lies to westward, and we strolled along in the brilliant afterglow. He enjoyed the sight of the water and the great pines and the light of the gloaming. Suddenly he said:

"I ought to have a monument over me when I die."

"I am sure of that, Mr. Cleveland," I answered; "but for what particular service?"

"Oh, not for anything I have ever done," said he, "but for the foolishness I have put a stop to! If you knew the absurd things proposed to me at various times while I have been in public life—things which I sat down on, and sat down hard on—you would say so, too!"

I knew full well that what he said was true, and although I need not enter into any details, this country does owe Mr. Cleveland an everlasting debt of gratitude for having driven what President Harrison described as a "wild team" safely to the end of his journey.

I observed in Mr. Cleveland an inexpressible tenderness for his family. He frequently talked in the sweetest way of his wife and children. The political world has never dealt kindly with Mr. Cleveland. The press has seemed at times to delight in circulating rumors and aspersions about his family relations. No doubt at times Mr. Cleveland has been brusque and peremptory—rude, if you like the term better—with certain people; but that gave them no excuse for lying about him and invading the sanctity of his domestic life and circulating false stories about his wife and children. Perhaps it was done with devilish malignity to wound him in a point where they knew he was vulnerable. For much as the public has been encouraged to look upon Mr. Cleveland as incapable of the finer sensibilities, I never saw a man who had family pride and affection more fully developed or who felt more keenly the injustice of such assaults.

I had an opportunity of seeing how this sort of traduction had embittered Mr. Cleveland. On one occasion, soon after President McKinley's death, we were discussing that event, and all agreed that it was a sad thing to see a man so happy and with so much to live for, and so beloved, cut down in the bloom of his life and strength. Mr. Cleveland took part in the conversation.

"I don't know," said he, "whether, after all, McKinley's life, sad as was its ending, was not, taking into consideration everything, to be envied. It is true he was struck down by an assassin. But he never was assassinated in his lifetime. Think of the kindness with which he and his wife were always treated while he lived. There was nothing lovable and kind that could be uttered about him or her which was not said at all times. Somehow, he seemed to possess the faculty of evoking charitable judgment and kind treatment. If I could have had that sort of thing as long and as uniformly as he did, I believe I should have been willing to pay the price he has paid. I do not understand how some men have the milk of human kindness always offered to their lips, while others, without deserving less charitable treatment, have the cup of gall and wormwood thrust upon them constantly. I believe I would gladly exchange places with him for the charitable judgment which the public passed upon his life. Bodily death is by no means the worst torture which a man can suffer. The torture of lies and misrepresentations affecting what is dearest to us in life is infinitely worse than the mere physical pain of dying."

I do not pretend that these were Mr. Cleveland's exact words, but they give the substance of his speech, and when I heard that cry of a strong man in his agony I wished that every kindly heart in this broad land could have heard it, too. It would have been a final refutation of the dirty and disreputable falsehoods which small malice has for so long industriously whispered against the ex-President and his family.

Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 19, 1905.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

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"He's true to God who's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Notices concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

From the *Minnesota Companion*, we learn of the death of Jonathan L. Noyes, and in another column of this issue, we reprint the particulars concerning his death and funeral.

Jonathan L. Noyes gave forty-four years of his life to the education of the deaf, and history will record and perpetuate his name among the distinguished pioneers in the work of educating the deaf and dumb. He was one of those early teachers, who broke down the barriers of prejudice which stood between the deaf and their mental enlightenment, and in those far days, it was no easy matter to convince a skeptical public or influence a halting legislature.

From a biographical sketch, written by Mr. Olof Hanson, the distinguished deaf architect, and published in the *Alabama Messenger*, during the year 1897, we take the following:—

"One of his distinguishing traits is his absolute adherence to principle. He would never go an inch out of the way of what he considered right and proper in order to gain a point or secure a temporary advantage. This policy has won him the lasting respect and esteem of all. To the deaf he has always been a steadfast friend. While alive to the advantages of oral instruction, he has always maintained that a large portion of the deaf can be taught to better advantage by manual methods, and he rightly holds that the public money should be expended in such a manner as to do the greatest good to the greatest number. Deaf teachers have always been treated on the same footing as hearing, as in the Minnesota School there has been no discrimination in the matter of salaries.

"Dr. Noyes' policy toward wayward and unruly pupils is worthy of note. He would not suspend or expel a boy except in most extreme cases. For he reasoned thus: This school is the only place where he can get an education, and his character be bettered; if expelled, he will miss an education, and his character, instead of improving is likely to grow worse. So he patiently bore with them, leaving it for time and firmness to work a change for the better. And in most cases his course has been amply justified. Among those who hold the Doctor in the highest esteem are some of those who were considered the hardest cases at school."

Dr. Noyes' ancestors were of Norman descent and emigrated from England to this country in 1634. His grandfather was one of the first to shoulder his musket against the British in the War of the Revolution.

Dr. Noyes was born at Windham, N. H., June 13th, 1827. At fourteen his father sent him to Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass., and paid his expenses for one year. From that time he was thrown on his own resources, but determined to acquire a liberal education. For three years he taught school in winter and worked on the farm in summer, and then re-entered the Academy to complete the course. Then, after another year of teaching, he entered Yale College in 1848, and graduated in 1852.

From 1852 to 1858 he taught in the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb at Philadelphia;

from 1858 to 1860 at the Institution in Baton Rouge, La.; from 1860 to 1866 in the American Asylum at Hartford; and from 1866 to 1896 he was superintendent of the Minnesota School at Faribault.

ILLINOIS.

The first week of October has drawn to a close and finds the Institution running as smoothly as if no long stoppage of the machinery had been made. Such is the discipline in all great schools, a discipline that has its influence upon the minds and characters of its scholars. The school department is settled down to a year's work, with pupils and teachers enthusiastic to a degree that augurs well for the term. It is evident that the reputation of the Illinois School is to be sustained, both as regards attendance and scholarship.

The new teachers were given a cordial reception into the fold. At a social held in the Institution parlors Friday evening last, Superintendent Gillett, Mrs. P. G. Gillett and Miss Alma Gillett, received, and made every body welcome. A brief business session of the Teachers' Association was held prior to the social, and Mr. Frank Read, Jr., was chosen President; Mr. Henne, Vice-President, and Miss Fairbank, Secretary.

Following the session, the parlors were thrown open and a pleasant time was spent, the older teachers recounting vacation experiences, which were many and varied, while the new ones were made to feel that their presence was desirable and more than welcome. The host and hostesses served refreshments during the evening, and all in all, it was a most pleasant occasion.

A DEFEAT FOR THE ELEVEN.

It is not often that a defeat for the eleven has to be chronicled. For over three years the warriors who bear upon their breasts the "I. S. D." have gone down but once. This year's tale will doubtless be a different one, for the very good and truthful reason that the eleven is distinctly inferior to that of recent years, and furthermore that there is a lack of spirit, so manifest in other days. The opponents in the opening game were the Springfield High School, a light and fast set, who showed that they had been well coached.

The game was played on the Institution grounds and was slinly attended, the Athletic association suffering a loss. The people of Jacksonville, for some reason or other, are not very enthusiastic over football, and for seasons past the games have been played under a steady drain upon the treasury. The first half was of 20 minutes duration, and resulted in a score of 11 to 0 for Springfield. The second half resulted in a complete rout of our forces and when the dust had cleared away the score had chalked up 25 more points for the boys from outside, making the final score 36-0. This is the worst defeat in five years. It showed one thing, and that is that if there is to be a winning team developed here there must be no playing of favorites and more coaching. The next game will be played October 14th, with Whipple Academy.

OTHER PASTIMES.

The beautiful October weather has brought out the devotees of tennis and almost every day the net and rackets are in full play—Misses Fairbank, Crawford, DeMotte, Anderson and Curtis are enthusiastic in their devotion to the game. Mr. Stutsman has not had time to spare from his oversight of the football training to put in much time at tennis, of which he is one of the best players here. Several of the pupils are doing well at the nets also, and next spring it is hoped that enough enthusiasm will be evoked to justify holding a tournament.

NOTES.

Mr. C. W. Taylor, one of our teachers, was on the program of the Art Association of Jacksonville, at the October meeting, and gave an instructive and amusing paper entitled "A Summer in New England."

Mr. Arthur Rink, of Beardstown, was a visitor at the Springfield game. Rink was captain of the 1899 eleven. He is in business with his father at Beardstown.

Mr. E. P. Cleary is working up the project of a Home for the aged and infirm deaf of Illinois, in a way that promises good results. At the meeting of the Illinois State Association of the Deaf, in 1904, and again at the Reunion of the Alumni Association, in 1905, it was decided to work toward the establishment of a Home, both associations moving in harmony toward the same end. Already much interest has been aroused. In a comparatively short time over \$100 has been raised. It is hoped to secure \$5,000 for the purchase, and \$50,000 for an endowment fund. All deaf-mutes of Illinois are urged to give. Mr. Cleary will receive and receipt for all contributions and publish the same weekly in the *Advance*. This is a worthy object, and surely each former pupil will be glad to contribute. Let there be a willing response to the appeal. W. I. T.

Obituary.

JONATHAN LOVEJOY NOYES.

DIED OCTOBER 2, 1905.

The end of a life replete with benefit to his fellow-men has come. He who well deserved the title of the Grand Old Man of the deaf people of Minnesota, has passed to the reward which awaits such a life and character as his.

While the dread summons could not be said to be unexpected by Dr. Noyes's family and friends, in view of the physical condition in which he had been for some time, and of his advanced age, yet none of us were prepared for the suddenness of the call, which came without the least warning of its nearness.

During the few days preceding, Dr. Noyes had given no indication of any increase in weakness. He went about his usual occupations. Friday evening, he attended the social of the Congregational Church, as was his custom. Sunday morning he attended church services. Monday morning he went down to the post office at the usual time. He ate dinner as usual, and Mrs. Noyes and Mrs. Smith noted nothing unusual, except that he did seem to be a little brighter than ordinary. After dinner, Mrs. Noyes and Mrs. Smith were called down town on business. Dr. Noyes went out to attended to a little work on the lawn. It is supposed that, feeling tired, he went into the laundry and sat down to rest. A while after, the girl who does the housework saw him there and spoke to him. Receiving no reply, she saw that something was wrong, and called for assistance. But assistance was of no avail, for life had ceased. The doctor said that the immediate cause of death was heart failure, and that the end came without struggle or suffering.

When the body was taken upstairs, instead of being carried to Dr. Noyes's bedroom, it was taken into the library and placed upon the leather couch which was a gift from the deaf of the State when he retired from the superintendency. On this couch Dr. Noyes was accustomed to take his afternoon rest, and it was fitting that he should rest upon it once more before being borne to his final resting place.

When the sad news became known, the flags were placed at half mast on the three State institutions which Dr. Noyes had done so much to build up. And all over town, among the many who had known and honored the deceased during his life of nearly forty years in Faribault, both word and look gave expression to the general regret felt.

The funeral services were held at the home, Wednesday afternoon at two o'clock. They were conducted by Rev. J. H. Albert, pastor of Dr. Noyes's church. They were simple, yet beautiful, well befitting the character of the deceased. One of the most appropriate parts of the services was the reading of a poem about Dr. Noyes's life and character, written several years ago by Mrs. Agatha Tiegler Hanson.

Rarely have we seen a more profuse and beautiful collection of floral offerings on such an occasion. There were flowers about the casket and everywhere in the rooms. Roses predominated, and their sweet perfume filled the rooms. The most striking of the floral offerings was a large wreath of varied flowers set in moss, which came from the Minneapolis Association of the Deaf. The pupils of the school contributed a pretty floral cross of roses and carnations. The officers and teachers of the school sent five dozen roses. The Faribault Association of the Deaf sent roses, and there was a beautiful wreath from Mr. and Mrs. Bangs of North Dakota.

The honorary pall-bearers were selected from among Dr. Noyes's oldest and closest friends in Faribault. But the active pall-bearers, who were to bear the body to its final resting-place, were chosen from among those to whom Dr. Noyes had given the best part of his life,—the deaf. They were J. C. Howard, of Duluth, A. R. Spear of St. Paul, L. C. Tuck, Jr. of L. Smith, Thomas Sheridan, and John Schwirtz of Faribault. Gently and tenderly they bore him from his home to the hearse, followed him to beautiful Maple Lawn, and theirs were the hands that consigned the soulless clay of him they had loved and revered to the bosom of Mother Earth. And there they left him, on a gentle hill, surrounded by evergreens whose foliage will wither and turn brown before the memory of the great and good man departs from the hearts of the Minnesota deaf.

Mrs. Noyes and Mrs. Alice Noyes Smith have been much touched by the many letters and telegrams of sympathy which they have received from friends far and near. Hon. and Mrs. W. D. Washburn sent a long message from Minneapolis, while their son, C. L., as soon as he heard the sad news, telegraphed his sympathy from far-away Maine. And what they appreciate most about these messages is the evidence they offer of the universal esteem in which Dr. J. L. Noyes was held wherever known.—*Minnesota Companion*, October 11, 1905.

CALLAUDET COLLEGE.

The Gridiron Warriors Meet Defeat.

PUT UP A GOOD FIGHT.

Brevities.

From our Regular Correspondent.

GALLAUDET COLLEGE, WASHINGTON D. C., Oct. 14, 1905.—Our football team sustained another defeat this afternoon, and one devoid of the satisfaction of having been fairly beaten by a superior team.

In one of the most unsatisfactory games in years, the Maryland Agricultural College team won from us by a score of 16 to 0. The game was much like the University of Maryland contest of last year.

Our boys went to College Park expecting a rough game, and were not "agreeably disappointed" in that respect. After the first few minutes of play, the Farmers began to rough it whenever they were hard pressed. Add to this Capt. Mikesell was so unfortunate as to consent to Mr. Neilsen as umpire, before he learned that Neilsen was the Aggies' coach.

Throughout the entire second half, in spite of the protests of Mikesell and Referee Wefers, Neilsen persisted in coaching his men in every play from his position as umpire.

Neilsen, of course, favored his own men in the decisions, and twice when Gallaudet secured the ball on fumbles he gave it back to the Aggies.

These odds were what enabled the Aggies to roll up a higher score than Georgetown, a far stronger team, was able to do. Still under fair conditions our boys should have lost the game through slowness and lack of team work and aggressiveness. The Aggies got their plays off with a snap and precision which our manoeuvres lacked. Our backs were slow in starting, enabling their opponents to judge the point of attack before they were well under way.

On the defensive our ends were very weak. The reliable veteran Reichards is having more of the experience of Job and was out of the game. Stover, who took his place at left end, had been drilled in the position for but two days, as until Thursday Reichard was expected to play. Consequently his showing was poor. Russell did not guard his end as well as in the past two games, but he was handicapped by the greenness of Marjure, the right half. Marjure showed the strength, speed and determination of a good player, and no criticism can be made of his playing in view of the short time, one week, he has had to learn our style of play. Gallaudet kicked off first. Maryland made her first score seven minutes after the game began. By fast work the ball had been advanced to our 40-yard line, where after being held for three downs Boxley kicked a beautiful goal from placement, netting four points. Maryland kicked off and Erwin ran the ball back five yards. Marjure made five through the line, but on the next play Gallaudet fumbled and the Aggies got the ball. They were able to work the ball the thirty-five yards to Gallaudet's goal, making their first touchdown thirty seconds before time was called for the first half.

In the second half McCandless was put in at fullback in place of Elder, whose defensive work had been weak, Chandler going to center and Underhill to right guard. Maryland kicked off and for the first time since this season opened Gallaudet was able to hold the ball for several minutes without fumbling. In this time, the Kendall Green boys proved that they could gain just as surely through the line as Maryland could around the ends. From our 18-yard line, Gallaudet advanced the ball steadily by line bucking, Marjure and Kutzleb doing most of the gaining. Marjure was used every other time and sometimes in successive rushes. So consistently did he gain that the Farmers soon concentrated most their rough work on him.

When the centre of the field was reached, Neilsen penalized Gallaudet 15 yards on the third down, but Kutzleb rose to the necessity and made 25 yards around right end. Line bucking carried the ball steadily on and it was apparent nothing but a fumble could keep Gallaudet from scoring.

The fumble came thirty-five yards from the Aggie's goal. The ball was recovered but it was the third down and though Marjure tore through the mass of opposing players for the required distance the ball was given to the Aggies because some one had yelled "down" while Marjure was still struggling in the bunch and before he had made the distance.

By end runs averaging a gain of seven yards on each attempt, the Maryland boys advanced to Gallaudet's thirty-five yard line from

where the quarter-back with unbroken interference went around left end for the third and last touchdown.

As both goals had succeeded the score stood 16 to 0 against us.

A large crowd of Gallaudet rooters was at the game. The student body which was not at all enthusiastic about the resumption of athletic relations with the Farmers last year, is decidedly in favor of breaking off relations again. The line-up:—

GALLAUDET.		MARYLAND A. C.
Stover	Left End	Mayer
Sharpe	Left Tackle	Iglehart
Cadwell	Left Guard	Bowland
McCandless	Centre	Darby
Chandler	Right Guard	Hatton
Underhill	Right Tackle	Sanford
Mikesell	Right End	Ruffner
Russell	Right End	Boxley
Erwin	Quarter Back	Wilson
Marjure	Right Half Back	Gault
Kutzleb	Left Half Back	McNutt
McCandless	Full Back	Cooper
Elder		Fisher

Referee—Mr. Wefers, of Georgetown. Umpire—Mr. Neilsen, of Nebraska. Linesmen—Mr. Matzner, of Gallaudet; Mr. Bassett, of M. A. C. Timekeepers—Mr. Rowe, of Gallaudet; Prof. Richardson, of M. A. C. Time of halves—Fifteen minutes.

The Virginia Polytechnic Institute team, with which we are to play next Saturday, to-day defeated West Point, 18 to 6. This would indicate that we are in for such a crushing defeat as we received at the hands of Lafayette at the opening of last season.

The absence of Reichard from the team is to be deplored. He is one of the very few of our varsity men who play football for all they are worth, and he has more science than our average player. His return to the game at a date earlier than two weeks from now can hardly be hoped for.

Horton will be out again Monday. This is especially fortunate as Kutzleb seems to need a rest before he can get into first class condition.

Erwin played his first game at quarter, and seems to fit in at that position better than in any other. The team has great confidence in him as guardian of the goal.

Holiday, '09, from Smoky Pittsburg, when he noticed the shocks of tall corn north of the tennis court, turned to a companion and yelled in the sign language, as he pointed to the corn, "see how tall the hay grows in Maryland, it only reaches a height of two feet around Pittsburg."

At a recent special meeting, the G. C. A. A. voted to institute the sale of chocolate, peanuts, apples and other refreshments as a means of revenue for the association. Marion Henry, '09, was elected to conduct the sales, and E. M. Rowse, '06, to audit the salesman's books. The salesman is allowed a per centage of the profits for his work.

Embryo electricians are offered the strongest inducements by the Faculty to refrain from meddling with the new electric light plant. The penalty of using any part of the plant for experimental purposes is a cut in the term marks of the offender for the first offense, and for the second within one term, suspension from College.

The male students and the Co-eds of the Sophomore, Freshman and Introductory Classes now attend recitations in separate divisions. There is considerable speculation among the student body as to what effect this new arrangement will have upon the class standing of the students in general.

The football game between the Varsity and the Columbia Athletic Association, scheduled for October 11th, at Kendall Green had to be canceled because of a heavy rain that day. Capt. Mikesell, however had his men out for practice despite the soggy field, the drizzle and a cold wind.

Arthur Dillon, I.C., who has been on the sick list since a few days after the opening of College, was taken to George Washington Hospital Sunday. He is suffering from a bad attack of malaria.

Miss Edith Peel, '08, returned to college October 9th.

Miss Evans gave a party to the Normal Fellows and a few other friends last Wednesday, the 11th.

At a meeting of the Jollity Club, October 13th, it was decided to give a "Farmer's Ball" on the night of October 27th. It was also voted to give a play on Thanksgiving Eve.

Miss Evans pleasantly entertained the Ohio students from both sides of the house, Friday evening, October 13th.

The Ducks, Green Freshmen and Normals were initiated into the mysteries of the Crystal Club, Friday evening. They are all somewhat wiser than they were a week ago.

We are curious to know what a "Farmers' Ball" is.

T. S. WILLIAMS, '08.

XAVIER DEAF-MUTE CLUB.

Entertainment Course.

Mirth begins at 8. Games for prizes, and refreshments for you and others attending HALLOW-EEN SOCIAL at Club House, 205 West 14th St., evening Oct. 29. Cards, 25 cents. Get busy!

Entertainment Committee, JAMES GAFFNEY, Chairman.

CHICAGO.

Honoring the Rev. A. W. Mann.

IN REMINISCENT VEIN

Sansom Makes His Bow.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

A pleasant entertainment was held in the Trinity Church rooms last evening, in honor of the ordination of Rev. Austin W. Mann, thirty years ago. The affair was engineered by a committee composed of Mr. J. K. Watson, Alfred Arnot and Ernest Craig.

Mr. Mann needs no introduction to the readers of the JOURNAL. His work has been made familiar to them time to time with clippings from the hearing papers, while his presence at Conventions and Reunions has been noted as going back to the time when the "memory of man runneth not to the contrary thereof." He is, practically, the Nestor of them.

Speeches in the silent language were in order. The reverend gentleman was in both a humorous and pathetic mood of reminiscences. He was tired of traveling away from home. The same fence, stump and farm house made him weary, after seeing them over again for thirty years. It was a wonder that his health held out after eating at all hours and losing much sleep, but work he must until called beyond to join his co-laborer, Dr. Thomas H. Gallaudet.

Dr. George T. Dougherty spoke of meeting him in St. Louis years back, praised his work and deprecated the fact that his labors were not so much appreciated as they should be. "If the deaf were only Doughertys."

Mrs. Watson spoke of the time when the Revs. Gallaudet, Mann and Turner turned up at the Illinois Institute, under Dr. Gillett. Mr. Turner, with his broad signs, set the giggling girls in the front row agoing, but they were disappointed at Mr. Mann's dignified demeanor.

The JOURNAL man spoke of the time when Mr. and Mrs. Mann and the speaker, labored unitedly, but ineffectually to establish the School for the Deaf in Cleveland, in 1887. The seed was planted that bore fruit afterwards.

"The man who comes up to the ideal of Duty is the man of thought and action, whose aim lies in laboring for others in administering the rites of baptism, wedding nuptials, and soothing the dying in their last hours. He is more ideal than the man who accumulates wealth or knowledge."

Among those present were Messrs. and Mesdames Dougherty, Watson, Keeler, Mahr, Craig, Tilley, Mesdames Emery, Groat, Codman, Miss Collins, Messrs. Sansom, Arnot, Dieckoff, Ash, Gus Hyman, Hank, and Cokefair. Mr. and Mrs. Tilley were pleasant acquisitions to the event. They contemplate lingering in Illinois till Nov. 5th, before hieing for California. It was the first time in twenty years that the JOURNAL man had met Tilley. Then they were department clerks at Washington, D. C. Mr. Tilley is a railway clerk running between San Francisco and Los Angeles, as every one knows, and the JOURNAL man is perched in the Chicago Post Office. Maybe both were given to pernicious activity in politics under Grover Cleveland. However, Grover's ax did not reduce them to a state of "innocuous desuetude," for they have bobbed up elsewhere very much alive.

Ice cream and cake followed the feast of reason and (plain Lake Michigan water) the flow of soul of a well-spent pleasant evening.

Chester C. Codman, whose half back playing during his College days, was enlivened by the admonition, of Charge, Chester, Charge! went nut hunting some time ago with his wife's nephew. They did not find enough nuts but brought in plenty of Crab-apples, which will be turned into jelly. We will watch for its effect on his writing for the *American*.

We are reminded of Hoy's spectacular days on the diamond when pulling flies out of the air, running the diamond like a Mississippi darkey from the yellow fever quarantine, and swinging his bat with the viciousness of Wild Bill breaking his inverted musket on the heads of redskins when visitors call on him in his *Cincinnati* retreat. Mr. and Mrs. Tilley paid their respects to the veteran diamond hero by a two days' stay. It is significant that Comiskey's team has never won the championship since Hoy left the team.

Miss Menagh's father died Thursday last, and the funeral will be held to-day.

Mr. W. B. Wayman, whose genial presence has been missed in the silent circles, because of detention at the Wesleyan Hospital, will be back at his accustomed haunts. If West Virginia, has more fellows like W. B. Wayman, please send them here.

That Ben. Frank is a hustler, is evinced by his being promoted in the Wholesale Drug Co., in which he is employed. Follow Ben. Franklin's maxims and you will be like Ben. Frank.

Mrs. Henrietta Left gave a surprise party to Mr. and Mrs. Sonneborn October 12th, at which the following were present: Mesdames Dougherty, Kingon, Codman, Martin, Smith, and Gibney. Men were as scarce as at a summer watering place.

In his morning sermon at Trinity Church, Dr. Mann, took a hard rap at the Insurance Companies in New York City, and at all violations of the Ten Commandments. He also held afternoon services. He was in a railroad collision for the first time in thirty-three years.

Next Saturday there will be a contest at Mussey's Bowling Alley, between the Pas-a-Pas club, composed of Messrs. Gersch, Samuelson, Ruell, Curtis and Blayne; and, the "Harts," of Hart, Block, Fisher, Engle, and Marsden.

When the clown jumps into the ring, he says, "here we are again." So the successor of Frank Gibson, as the Windy City correspondent of the JOURNAL has jumped into the ring with the above exclamation. Mr. Sidney Howard, who has been the faithful correspondent for two years, has pleaded "pressure of business," in taking up the tash, and wants me to assume the role of Hercules to his Atlas, and while I am holding up the world of responsibilities on my shoulders, he will be dancing with ghoulish glee, yelling at the top of his voice, etc. So it goes. You see, he is after the golden apple.

IRWIN SANSON.

INDIANA.

Indiana Agency of DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, 330 Blake Street, Indianapolis. News items and subscriptions solicited. A. H. NORRIS, Agent.

FORT WAYNE.

Jesse Kuhlman, who left here last March for Michigan, for the benefit of his health, arrived home September 20th, looking well, and hearty, having gained several pounds while sojourning in the north. He has secured his old position at the Huntington shoe factory. Mrs. Kuhlman will arrive next month and will immediately go to house-keeping. Mr. Kuhlman having secured a house.

Sam. Heilbronner and Dike Kerr took advantage of the pleasant weather, Sunday, and spent the day with Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Richards at Huntington.

Philip Harter, a deaf-mute of Huntington, was recently declared of unsound mind and taken to Long Cliff. His pitiable condition is the result of a serious accident which befell him a short time ago. While he was walking on the street he was seized with an epileptic fit, falling heavily to the walk, receiving a very bad scalp wound.

Louis Berglorn and Fred Kummer took a trip to the country Sunday to gather nuts.

Wm. Pugh, of Huntington, visited in Logansport, Sunday.

Alonso Woolpert, age 63, arrested some time ago on the charge of assaulting a ten-year-old deaf girl at Huntington, was found guilty and sentence fixed at two to twenty-one years in the penitentiary. A motion for a new trial is pending and hearing for same will come up at the January term of court. Meanwhile he languishes in the county jail under a bond of \$1000, which he is unable to secure.

Mrs. John Lotz went to Chicago Saturday on the excursion, remaining in the Windy City till Monday.

Dike Kerr attended the State Federation of Labor banquet in this city September 26th.

Jesse Kuhlman who but recently arrived from Michigan to accept his old position in the shoe factory, has been laid off for the past two weeks, but will shortly resume work.

Mrs. B. A. Richards, of Huntington, who has been quite sick for the past few weeks is much improved, and on the high road to wellville. This will be glad news to her many friends.

Miss Sadie Schaefer, of Tremont, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Berghorn recently.

Mr. Ed. Sharp, a nickel plater by trade, and a till-tapper as a side issue, claiming Cincinnati as his home, arrived in Huntington last week and worked himself into the confidence of B. A. Richards, and during that gentleman's absence from his shop for a few minutes, appropriated several dollars out of the cash drawer and hiked out. Mr. Richards does not bawl the loss of the money so much as he does the easy way in which he was duped. It is safe to say that if Mr. Sharp ever strikes Huntington again, he will be welcomed by "Prof." with open arms and a No. 10 boot, and put it down that he will leave a sadder, but wiser man.

John Leopold, of Bellefonte, Pa., is rejoicing over the advent of a girl baby on September 24th.

Mr. Simon T. Garlock, of Utica, N. Y., spent a few days visiting friends and relatives at Albany. He also was in attendance at the Montgomery Co., Fair, Fonda, N. Y., where he renewed many old acquaintances.

NEW YORK.

Concerning the Xavier Club.

HOW TO CATCH FISH.

A Budget of Brevities.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

Sylvester Fogarty was included among the high toned early birds who witnessed the automobile race for the Vanderbilt trophy, over t Long Island roads, Saturday mo ing, October 14th.

Robert B. McGinnis is back in town, after a four months' sojourn with his family at Sound Beach, on Long Island Sound.

As usual, on the fourth Sunday of the month, attendance at St. Francis Xavier's service for the deaf was large last Sunday. Rev. Father McCarthy gave a short and instructive lesson dealing with the gospel of the day—"The man sick of the palsy." Benediction followed in the lower church of St. Francis Xavier's, which has been undergoing extensive renovating and redecorating. When completed, the interior will present a grand sight.

Basket-ball is to take on a boom at the Xavier Club. Manager Grogan has made up four teams among the members, who will compete against each other during the season. The winning five is to be handsomely rewarded.

Owing to the illness of her mother, Miss Lizzie Molloy has lately been assuming the duties of nurse as well as attending to her daily work.

The Xavier Club's entertainment committee are unanimous in their assurance of an enjoyable evening for all who attend the Hallowe'en Social, at the Club House, evening of October 29th.

A quintet of up-State silent sleuths, including: Geo. Gilboe, of Green Island; Sam. Couture, of Schenectady; Frank Morrissey, of Troy; James Golden, of Watford; and Richard Geith, of Cohoes, were in Manhattan, Sunday, on the trail of "Raffles," who has been puzzling, not only the oldest inhabitant, but has been mystifying even the keen-eyed men of McDoo's force. Their train arrived at the Grand Central at 7 A.M., and was a two dollar combination between there and Albany.

The silent five concluded to see the Subway and other points of interest, and also attended services at St. Francis Xavier's in the afternoon. Later they were guests of the Xavier Club until time to catch the 7 P.M., train for home. All had a good time, though their hunt for the "amateur cracksman," was unsuccessful.

There are probably a round four dozen among the deaf in Gotham who are lovers of the sport of angling, and just now one who has been doing something along the shores of the Hudson would advise these piscatorial experts to cast their rigs in this water for striped bass, which are running to good size. White worms (the largest you can get) are the most killing bait, and the best place to catch them is along the rocks near N. Y. Central signal tower No. 8, just below Greystone Station on that railroad. Best tide is half ebb and first half of flood. Do not handle bait with fingers that have held a cigar stump.

In Hoboken Road, Carlstadt, N. J., lives Mr. and Mrs. George Berner. They were educated at Fanwood. Both have been married for fifteen years now. Mrs. Berner, before marriage, was Miss Jennie Lovell. Their married life has been a happy one, and they are blessed with six children—two girls and four boys. The last to arrive was a boy. "Mr. Stork" delivered it on the 6th inst., just as Mr. Berner was starting for work at 6 A.M. The new comer will be named Arthur Franklin Berner, in honor of their old friend, Mr. Frank M. Houck, whom, by the way, they would be very glad to see, should he condescend to pay them a visit.

Mrs. C. D. Parlamann, of Reading, contemplates paying a visit to Brooklyn in the near future. Her younger daughter will accompany her. She has several relatives residing in the City of Churches. She will also be glad to meet her classmate, Mrs. Stevenson. She arrived home a few days ago from Pittsburgh, Pa., where she spent several weeks with friends. She seems to have been seized with the travelling fever and has coaxed her better half to let her visit Gotham and Brooklyn. He could not refuse her wish.

Mrs. William Hutton has been on the sick list for some time, but at present is improving. As soon as she is fully recovered, she will leave with her little daughter, Mary, for Los Angeles, California, either on October 16th or 23d, and if she finds the climate agreeable out there she will live there permanently, and then her husband will pack his grip and follow her. He may buy a ranch out there and try his luck on a broncho.

The father of Edward J. Manning, of Jersey City, died suddenly last Tuesday, October 10th, of a fracture of the skull, sustained by falling down the stairs at his home. The funeral was held on Friday, and was attended by a large number of sorrowing relatives and friends. The floral tributes were profuse and very handsome. Interment was made at the Hudson County Cemetery.

Mr. George N. Donovan, who has been very sick at St. Mary's Hospital, Borough of Brooklyn, is now on the road to recovery, and his many friends will be glad to have him among them again. His wife presented him with an eight-pound sweet little daughter, Sunday last, and they have decided to name it Gladys. Both mother and child are doing well.

Among the thirty-five thousand people who saw the final game at the Polo Grounds for the Baseball Championship of the World, were Dr. Thomas F. Fox, Moses Heyman, John D. Shea, Frank Brown, Henry C. Kohlman, William Scott Abrams, Arthur C. Bachrach, E. A. Hodgson. The last two had seats in the newspaper boxes, and were afforded a splendid view of all that transpired.

Josephine Sullivan, writing to a friend in Brooklyn from Arizona, states that she is delighted with that country, and intends to make her home there permanently. Her brother, for many years in the U. S. Navy, has retired from the service of Uncle Sam, and has bought a ranch out West, and has given his sister a home.

Mrs. Alex. Dezendorf had as a guest the past few days a cousin from California. They had not met for over eighteen years. His description of the Golden State tempted her to sell out and move out there. But Mr. Dezendorf put on his thinking cap and decided to stay in dear old Brooklyn.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Dickerson lately moved from Brooklyn to the Bronx, and on Saturday last had the pleasure of entertaining several of their friends, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. Simonson, Mr. and Mrs. Sonneborn, Mr. and Mrs. Jacques Loew, Mr. Osmond Loew and Charles Hummer.

Mrs. S. W. McClellan, of Mountain View, New Jersey, is now in Boston on a visit of two weeks with a brother and sister-in-law, who live in Swampscott. Two weeks ago Miss Prudence E. Burchard, of this city, spent two days at the home of Mrs. McClellan.

Mr. Alfred C. Stern told, in graphic signs, the story of "Oliver Twist," to a company of nearly fifty deaf-mutes, in the Guild Room of St. Ann's Church, last Tuesday evening. He received applause and a vote of thanks.

Mrs. Clara Frey, Mrs. Alex. Dezendorf and Mrs. Robt. Stevenson took a trip to Elizabeth, N. J., last Wednesday, and paid Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Heller a visit. They had a very enjoyable time. Mr. Heller seems to take life easy.

Mr. and Mrs. Felix A. Simonson, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sonneborn, Osmond Loew and his sister, and Miss Wallach, took a trip to Fort Washington last Sunday, and incidentally visited and admired the "Fanwood" School.

Miss Maud Wales, of Minneapolis, is staying with a married sister in this city. Miss Wales is a prepossessing young lady and was educated at the Faribault Institution.

The whereabouts of Willie Myer, formerly of Mississippi, is inquired for by a subscriber. He is supposed to be in this city. Please send address to the JOURNAL office.

There is a coterie of eight deaf ladies organized into a whist club. They meet alternately at each other's homes and play for prizes.

Mrs. Anthony Capelli is at St. Luke's Hospital, where she was operated on for appendicitis, last Saturday night.

Catholic Church Notices.

St. Francis Xavier's, 30 West 16th Street—Instruction and Services on Sundays in the College Hall, at 3.30 P.M.

St. Rose's, 165th Street, west of Amsterdam Avenue—Services and Catechism on Sundays at 9 A.M.

St. Vincent Ferrer's, Lexington Avenue and 66th Street—Services and Catechism on Sundays at 9 A.M.

JERSEY CITY—St. Peter's, 144 Grand Street, Services and Instruction in the College Hall, at 3.30 P.M., on the first Sunday of the month.

Under the direction of
REV. M. R. MCCARTHEY, S. J.

PHILADELPHIA.

Quarterly Meeting of the Gallaudet Club.

A CHURCH FAIR.

Donation Day at the Home.

News items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1838 Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Fall quarterly meeting of the Gallaudet Club, postponed from September, was held at the residence of Mr. S. G. Davidson, No. 105 E. Durham Street, Mt. Airy, on Saturday evening, 14th of October. Although Mr. Davidson did not express it so, the meeting of the Club in his beautiful new home by invitation seemed like a "house-warming," and the more so because the wives of the members were also invited by Mrs. Davidson. Thus, while the Club spirit was warming in one room, the ladies were entertained in another by their hostess, both finally reuniting in the dining-room to partake of refreshments.

In the absence of President Stevens, the Club meeting was presided over by Vice-President Geo. T. Sanders. There were but three absentees, and they were all out of town. A supply of smoking-pipes and choice cut plug, generously provided by the host, added pleasure to the meeting, which lasted until after eleven o'clock. Two new members were admitted—Mr. Abram Franz and Rev. C. O. Dantzer. The Club has now twenty active members, which is the limit the rules allow, and one Associate member. No one can be admitted to active membership now until a resignation occurs, but the rule does not apply to Associate Members, who must be non-residents of the city.

The meeting adjourned to meet again at the call of the Executive Committee. A special meeting is usually held in the latter part of November to perfect the details of the annual dinner. The members then, at the invitation of the host, repaired to the dining-room where the ladies were in waiting, and partook of delicious refreshments.

A Fair for the further improvement and repairing of All Souls' Church will be held in the Guild Room of the Church on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, December 7th, 8th, and 9th, from 2 to 10 P.M. Admission will be 10 cents. Tickets will be out soon. Circulars giving particulars will also shortly be distributed. Donations of articles for the Fair, or money may be sent to any one of the Committee. The Committee is composed of Mesdames, M. J. Syle, G. T. Sanders, E. E. Roop, and Misses Cora Ford and Dora Kintzel.

The Pastoral Aid Society has arranged to give a Hallowe'en Social, with several new features, on the evening of Saturday October 28th, in the Guild Room of All Souls' Church. A small admission will be charged, the proceeds to go towards the bill for repairing the Venetian blinds.

All Souls' Church is the recipient of a hand-carved alms basin from Miss Mary M. Williamson, of Flint, Mich. The gift is much appreciated because it is a gift from a dear friend, who lived among us for some time, and also because the carving is her own work.

Mr. Harris Taylor, Editor of the *Mt. Airy World*, gave an interesting lecture on "Literary Forgeries," before the Clero Literary Association last Thursday evening, 12th of October.

The Erie Mission for the Deaf, through Mr. DeWitt Hinrod, has just sent in \$10.00 for the Endowment Fund of the Home.

Wednesday, October 11th, was Donation Day, at the Home in Doylestown. It was observed all over the State by making contributions, and otherwise. At the Home preparations had been made to receive visitors and quite a large number called there in spite of the disagreeable wet weather. Dinner was served for a nominal price and cakes and other articles were on sale. The number of Philadelphia visitors was surprisingly large considering the bad weather. Everything passed off smoothly. Had the weather been fair it is believed that there would have been many more visitors. A good sum of money was contributed by the Philadelphia deaf, and more is being received.

John Botzum, of Reading, and John Coffield, of McKeesport, were visitors at All Souls' Church last Sunday. Both have gone home.

Mrs. Harper, sister of Miss Dora Kintzel, who takes more than an ordinary interest in the Home, collected \$5.00 from friends for it on Donation Day.

Miss Camilla A. and Mr. Michael D. Baruitz, of York, have together sent \$11.00 for the Home. It is their own contribution, which they make annually.

Isaac W. Dewees has just returned home after an absence of six weeks, during which he visited various

places in Ohio, including the Ohio School and the Home. He enjoyed his visiting immensely.

Otto Koenig and family are living at 4805 N. Mervine Street, Logan, Philadelphia. They own their home.

Partington's group photographs of the Lebanon Convention are fine specimens of work.

Miss Lou Little is now at Concord, Pa., and expects to visit Johnstown before returning East.

Miss Ford, who was injured by a runaway horse two weeks ago, was removed from the hospital to her home last Saturday. It will be a while yet before she can be around.

Chas. M. Pennell is a member of Betsy Ross Temple, a secret order. H. G. Gunkel also belongs to a secret order, as do several other deaf of this city.

Kinsella-Martin.

The following is taken from the *Utica Press* of yesterday: "Thomas L. Kinsella, of Waterville, and Miss Lulu B. Martin, of Yorkville, were married at 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon, at the rectory of St. Agnes' Church, Rev. D. J. Moore officiating. They were attended by James Kinsella, of this city, a brother of the groom, and Miss Ella Martin, a sister of the bride. After the ceremony a wedding reception was given the couple at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. J. W. Martin, 36 Main Street, Yorkville. Only the most immediate relatives were present.

The gifts were many and valuable. The bride is well known in this city as well as in Yorkville and there will be many well wishes for a happy future for her. Mr. Kinsella is pressman in the establishment of the *Waterville Times*. He is held in esteem by his employers and by his associates, and with them many friends will join in extending good wishes. Mr. and Mrs. Kinsella will make their home in Bacon Street, Waterville, where they will be at home after October 15th."

As above stated the groom has been an employe in the *Times* office for the past two years and has proved himself capable, faithful and obliging, and his associates and those here who have made his acquaintance since he became a resident of Waterville, extend best wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Kinsella for a long and happy married life together.—*Waterville, N. Y., Times, Sept. 29.*

CHURCH NOTICES.

EIGHTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY, OCTOBER 22D.

St. Ann's Church, N. Y., 3:15 P.M.

St. Ann's Church, Bible Class, 2:30 P.M.

St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn, 3 P.M. Holy Communion.

St. Peter's Church, Port Chester, 10:30 A.M. Holy Communion.

Gallaudet Home, 10 A.M. and 3:30 P.M.

Entertainment in St. Ann's Guild Room, on Tuesday evening, October 24th. Free to all.

Services for Deaf-Mutes.

OCTOBER, 1905.

22-10:30 A.M., St. Andrew's, Boston.

2:30 P.M., St. John's, Lowell.

10:45 A.M., All Saints', Worcester. Holy Communion.

20-10:30 A.M., St. Andrew's, Boston.

2:30 P.M., St. Paul's, Brockton.

Services every Friday at 4:00 P.M., at New England Home, Allston.

On October 22d, Lofficette at All Saints' Church (Chapel), Worcester, at 10:30 A.M. Mr. Frisbee taking my service in Boston and Lowell.

S. STANLEY SEARING.

Diocesan Missionary to Deaf-Mutes, 564 Broadway, So. Boston, MASS.

ALL SOULS' CHURCH FOR THE DEAF.

Franklin Street above Green, Phila., Pa.

REV. C. O. DANTZER, PASTOR
1829 W. ONTARIO STREET.

SUNDAY SERVICES.

Sermon and Holy Communion—
First Sunday of the month, 10:30 A.M.

Evening Prayer and Sermon—
Other Sundays, 2:30 P.M.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Every Sunday (except first of the month) 3:30 P.M.

PRESBYTERIAN NOTICE.

MADISON AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

N. E. Corner Seventy-third Street.

Rev. Henry Sloane Coffin, Pastor.

Sunday service at 7.30 P.M.

Sermon by the assistant pastor, Mr. Frank L. Janeway, interpreted into signs by Mr. E. P. Clarke.

Bible Class meets at 8 o'clock.

Reading Room and Gymnasium open to the members and their friends every Thursday, from 8 to 10 P.M.

George Wigley is working as a farm hand for Mr. Julius Wollman, in Larkfield, L. I.

OHIO.

Colored Couple Want to Part

A BIRTHDAY PARTY.

Rev. Mann in A Railroad Wreck

[News items for this column may be sent to the Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 933 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

October 14, '05.—The *Citizen*, of Saturday, had the following:—

It has never been considered that Common Pleas Judge Bigger and his deputies are of superstitious nature, and friends of the judges were considerably agitated and interested Friday, as they watched him for the two hours he devoted to the reading of signs.

That it was a new occupation for the judge, his friends and strangers could not help but admit, for though he applied himself closely to the subject, in the end he was compelled to rely entirely, for the meaning of the signs, upon expert translation.

The necessity for this grew out of the fact that Jennie Manly, colored, wanted a divorce from H. J. Manly, the wife being a mute. She charges gross neglect.

With the exception of one, the rest of the witnesses examined were deaf and dumb, the questions asked and the answers given being translated to and from the deaf language by Superintendent Jones of the State Institution for the Deaf.

Attorney James Allen represented the plaintiff.

It should be stated that both of the parties to the suit are colored and have been married for some years, but separated shortly after marriage.

The Sheriff of Columbiana county brought to the penitentiary, Saturday a deaf man named Ira H. Mundell to serve one year for grand larceny. We remember of no one by that name who has been a pupil here. He is of the "weary Willie" species, for he claims not to have worked for seventeen years. He certainly will be given a chance to do something and limber up his muscles, where he is now.

A party of some eighteen persons gathered at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas McGinness, Saturday evening, and tendered Miss Henriette Gould, who makes her home there, a birthday surprise party. She was showered with a number of presents as a reminder the occasion. Various games and conversation helped to make the hours pass quickly and pleasantly to all, and before the party broke up toothsome refreshments were served.

Alexander McMillen, of Williams-town, West Va., but now of Cincinnati, Howard Moore, of Huntington, West Va., educated at the Kentucky School, and Chas. Lipscomb, of the same place, but who received his education at the Staunton Va., institution, were visitors here Sunday.

Davie Friedman, of Cleveland, Gallaudet, '03, was a welcomed visitor at the institution, Sunday. He is the same little Davie as of yore, perhaps an inch taller than when he left here for College. He is employed in a Cleveland factory, and not at all ashamed because of his college education. He reports the Cleveland deaf all busy and doing well.

Mrs. John G. Miller, of Tippecanoe City, O., who has been visiting relatives and friends in the city, the past two weeks, left for home Monday.

Dispatches in the papers this week give accounts of forest fires occurring along the slopes of the mountains, back of Santa Barbara and doing great damage to orchards and property in the Montecito and other valleys. We hope Messrs. J. M. Park and Wm. L. Waters, who live in the locality, have escaped the ravages. Mr. Waters' place would be most likely affected as he lives a mile or two above Mr. Park.

The Annual Conclave of the Grand Commandery of the Knights Templars, of Ohio, was held in this city this week. Wednesday afternoon, a parade made up of five thousand plumed knights with thirty-nine bands of music was given along the principal streets and was an imposing spectacle to view. Superintendent Jones kindly allowed school to be dismissed for the day at noon, to allow the pupils to witness the sight. They assembled in their respective school rooms at 1:30, and fifteen minutes later, in charge of their teachers, took positions between State and Rich Streets, on Third Street, where they had a good view of the passing pageant.

Sooy Dresback, of Johnstown, O., was a visitor in Columbus Sunday.

The Rev. A. W. Mann was in a serious railroad collision late Saturday night, October 7th, but fortunately escaped injury. He reached Cincinnati at three o'clock Sunday morning, and so had insufficient rest for the morning and afternoon services at the Cathedral.

At the three o'clock P.M., service at the Cincinnati Cathedral, he administered the rites of Baptism to Mrs. Kilgour. From Cincinnati, he went to Lexington, Ky., where he held a service on the evening of the 9th, and on the next day conducted two services at Danville, Ky.

Mr. Fred Krull, of Cleveland, was the guest of Mr. Ernest Zell,

Sunday. He has been employed for the past four years in the Standard Welding Co., an auto and bicycle company, where he has given entire satisfaction to his employers.

John Merchant, of Marion, O., was shaking hands with friends here this week. He is a varnisher by trade, working for the Houghton-Merkell Buggy & Sulky Supply Company.

Henry Volkner, of Chillicothe, and William Buchany were among the Sunday visitors here.

Nutting parties are all the rage now both among pupils and teachers. Of the latter, Messrs. C. H. and A. H. Schory, Zorn and the writer were down in the country, about Canal Winchester, 16 miles from Columbus, and came home in the evening with a good supply of hickory nuts and apples.

To our brother correspondent of Indiana:—We only stated facts which were known here and in Ohio long ago. One must go away from home occasionally to learn the news of his neighborhood. We don't care to go into particulars nor to advertise a person whose very name creates a stench to the nostrils of decent people. Wolves in sheeps' clothing have no other object than to prey upon the innocent and helpless in order to satisfy their own greed, and when balked in their attempts, growl.

A. B. G.

NEW ENGLAND

The Annual Social Supper in aid of the New England Home for Aged or Infirm Deaf-Mutes came off last Saturday evening, October 14th, and was in every way a success. The Home was comfortably filled with what may be called the cream of deaf-mute society, who enjoyed meeting old friends and making new ones. The evening was spent in pleasant conversation, and those who could see a joke had plenty of them to enjoy, for two or three wits were on hand and made things lively for a time. Supper was served from six till half past eight. Three long tables in the dining room were laid with abundance of nicely cooked food, daintily served. One and all did full justice to the repast, remarking that it was well worth three times the price asked, and Mrs. Roberts and her aids were kept very busy passing around the dishes. Ice cream was served at all hours to those who would pay ten cents extra. It all went at short notice.

It is hoped that a good profit has been realized, for one and all seemed generous, the ladies contributing cakes and pies, the gentlemen the fruits, and then nearly everyone purchased some of the left overs, thus swelling the fund.

The ladies who fairly worked like beavers are Mrs. Roberts, Rudolph, Frisbee, Converse, Wheeler, Emerson, Carter and Holmes. Among the gathering were noticed Mr. John L. Frisbee, father of E. W. Frisbee, who was looking hale and hearty with no traces of his recent illness, also Miss Alice C. Jennings, who is rarely seen in deaf-mute society, though she seems to have enjoyed herself very much this time. Miss Carrie Lynde, by her presence, reminded us once more of her late parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Lynde, who had done so much for the welfare of the deaf, also Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Bowes were there to remind one of the early days of the Boston Society.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Holmes announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Lottie, to Dr. Bartlett, of Cambridge, Mass. Miss Holmes is a very charming and beautiful girl, and a great help to her parents, and no doubt they will miss her from their home. Dr. Bartlett is a rising young dentist, a graduate of Harvard, and has travelled much, and it was just after his return from a European trip that the young couple became engaged.

Miss Gladys, the oldest daughter of Mr. Thomas L. Moodie, of Cambridge, was operated upon for appendicitis, at the Boston City Hospital, a few weeks ago. She is now at her father's home slowly recovering.

The Bigelow twins are ill with the chicken pox, which accounts for Mrs. Bigelow's absence from the list of aids at the Home Supper.

The following clipping is from the Boston *Herald* of October 13th. No one seems to know any John Murphy except the one of Brighton, who died some three years ago, and it is supposed that this deaf-mute simply gave a false name:

Patrolman Kenney, of Station 1, found a big fine looking man peddling goods on School Street, and acting in an eccentric manner. He was taken to the police station where he desperately fought five officers when they attempted to search him. Patrolman Leary in charge of the desk, discovered that he was deaf and dumb, and by means of the finger alphabet discovered his name was John Murphy. Further than this, he would tell nothing about himself. He was sent to the city prison for examination.

Mrs. Samuel McClelland, of Mountain View, N. J., is visiting at the home of her brother in Swampscott, Mass., for a few weeks.

The Gallaudets played football with the Worcester A. C. team at Worcester, Saturday, October 14th, and neither side scored any, though the Gallaudets came nearly scoring a touch down, but was prevented by a rough and brutal play on the

part of the Worcesters, as expressed in one of the Boston Sunday papers. The stork has chosen a girl this time, and presented to Mrs. D. P. Jones, of Boston, at her mother's home in Montreal, on October 12th. Mr. Jones returned to his Boston home from Montreal, only to return to Montreal after a few days.

Mr. Roman, of Montreal, has been in Boston, visiting his relatives for several weeks, and prior to his return home, he gave a farewell reception to a party of selected friends at his relative's home, on Franklin Street, Roxbury, last Saturday.

A New Year's Party is now under consideration by one who was well known in his days as manager of his pet levees, which had good crowds from far and near, and good programmes.

Mrs. Elizabeth Emerson, of Cambridgeport, returned from a six weeks' visit to her relatives in Maine, last Wednesday, and has evidently improved much in her health.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Bowes will return home in Chicago in a week or ten days, after having been away from home nearly half a year. They went to Mt. Clemens, Mich., where Mr. Bowes was treated for rheumatic troubles, and after being cured, they came to Boston, where they had been since. They will stop at Old Hartford and Philadelphia on the way to their home.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Ellsworth, of Hollis, N. H., accompanied by Miss Bull, went to attend a wedding of Mrs. Ellsworth's brother, Geo. W. Upham, of Saugus, to Miss Lena Williamson, of West Lynn, at the home of the bride, October 4th. Mr. Ellsworth was obliged to return home on the same day owing to rush of business in appel-barrel making.

Mr. Geo. A. Holmes, who has had a three weeks' visit to his son at New Haven, this Summer, said the officers of the New England Gallaudet Association will not be disappointed in finding good places for the accommodation and entertainment of delegates to the next convention, if they decide to hold it at New Haven.

The writer is to go with a party smelting off Hingham, some time this week.

G. C. S.

WESTERN PENNA.

Under the auspices of the Beaver Valley Branch P. S. A. D., an entertainment, entitled Deaf-Mutes' Housekeeping, will be given at the Lyceum Theatre, Beaver Falls, Pa., October 20th.

The proceeds will go to the Home at Doylestown. It is expected a goodly sum will be realized. All the local talent among the deaf of this great industrial valley will be employed and it is hoped many people from Pittsburg will be in attendance. A. U. Downing will be interpreter. If hard work is a criterion, it is going to be a success.

G. M. T.

RELIGIOUS NOTICE.

Rev. Ralph W. Keeler, Pastor of the Goodsell Methodist Episcopal Church, Sheridan and McKinley Avenues, Brooklyn, will hold religious services in the sign language for deaf-mutes, every Sunday afternoon at a quarter past four.

"Rochester Notice."

There will be a Hallowe'en Party at St. Luke's Parish House, Thursday evening, October 26th. Games will be played and refreshment served. The proceeds will go to the Mission Fund. The Rev. Mr. Smielan, of Williamsport, will be present. Every body welcome. Admission 15 cents.

Brooklyn Guild Meetings.

It meets the first Thursday of each month, except July and August, at 8 P.M., in St. Mark's Chapel, Adelphi Street, near De Kalb Avenue, Brooklyn.

1905.

Oct. 5—Guild Meeting.
19—Entertainment.

Nov. 2—Guild Meeting.
16—Entertainment.

Dec. 7—Guild Meeting.
28—Entertainment.

1906.

Jan. 11—Guild Meeting.
18—Entertainment.

Feb. 1—Guild Meeting.
15—Entertainment.

Nov. 1—Guild Meeting.
15—Entertainment.

April 5—Guild Meeting.
19—Entertainment.

May 3—Guild Meeting.
17—Entertainment.

June 7—Guild Meeting.
14—Entertainment.

SPECIAL DAYS.

Feb. 28, 1906—Ash Wednesday.
April 13, 1906—Good Friday.
15, 1906—Easter Sunday.

H. L. JUHRING,
WM. G. GILBERT, President.
Rec. Secretary.

Subscribe for the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL. Only one dollar a year.

FANWOOD.

A Lecture Upon Life Insurance.

PROTEANS REORGANIZE

A Few News Notes.

From our Regular Correspondent.

"Life Insurance," was the subject of the lecture given by Prof. Isaac B. Gardner, before the Fanwood Literary Association, in the chapel, on last Saturday evening. The recent revelations of the investigating committee on the insurance inquiry furnished enough data for such an interesting lecture, but the average schoolboy is left in the dark by the complicated business of insurance. The professor pointed out the wisdom of insuring our lives when young. The attitude of several insurance companies in excluding the deaf is indeed an injustice to well-meaning deaf-mutes, but they are now recognizing their error and admit them on the same terms with hearing people. Recent disclosures in the insurance investigation revealed the fact that the higher officials of the companies drew fat salaries, which was the property of the policy holders, and this cause lead to the present troubles. Many other important points were given out, which will prove of inestimable value to the pupils after graduation. In short, it was a very instructive and interesting lecture. A vote of thanks was tendered to Prof. Gardner at its close.

At a recent meeting of the Protean Society, officers were elected for the ensuing year. The roster is as follows: Counsellor, Enoch Henry Currier; President, Vernon S. Birek; Vice-President, Mendel Rosenberg; Secretary, Samuel Cohen; Treasurer, Enoch Henry Currier; Librarian, Frank Lux; Executive Committee, Jacob Lovitch, Anton Tanzas, Alfred G. Barry; Active member, John Agrest. The probationers are Edward Doenges, Thomas Travers, Frank Nimmo, Chaim Schatzkin, Carl Lautenberger, John Heil and Max Weisberg. The total number of fifteen officers are making the cadet-officers' room their rendezvous.

The post series of games for the world's baseball championship at the Polo Grounds last Saturday, attracted a good crowd of our baseball cranks. Among the crowd could be seen Cadets Travers, Barry, Birek, Tanzas, Heil and Gompers.

The Academic Class will give its programme before the Fanwood Literary Association on next Saturday, October 21 st. It promises to be a rare treat for all.

The first dress parade of the season took place on the lawn on last Sunday afternoon.

The last of the Sherlock Holmes' stories, "The Adventure of the Second Stain," in the chapel Sunday evening by Prof. W. G. Jones. Mark Twain's masterpiece of fiction, "The Prince and the Pauper," will hereafter be given serially every Sunday evening.

Cadet Louis H. Kutner went to the Yorkville Theatre last Saturday to see the production of "La Tosca." His only excuse for going there weekly is that he is "stage struck."

Mr. J. Le Prince, a brother of Miss Gabriella Le Prince, art instructor of this school, who is Chief Sanitary Inspector of the Panama Canal Zone, is spending his vacation of a month on Washington Heights.

The classification of the trades school for boys into morning and afternoon sessions was arranged by Principal Currier on last Monday.

The annex to the new Dormitory building in course of construction has now reached the first story.

Mr. Ralph Rosenau has been appointed tutor of the boys.

S. C.

Bird Language.

The Oriental stories of the wise men who understood the language of birds are a type or prefiguring of certain investigations which are now being carried on by men of science in the United States and elsewhere. Prof. Nelson R. Wood, of the National Museum at Washington, has made an informal report on this subject which is interesting. He declares that researches are in progress which, in the near future, will greatly enlarge our knowledge of the language of birds, and will present proof of the remarkable elaboration and detail of some of these birds' "languages."

These are not "languages" in the ordinary human sense that they are developed into words more or less monotonously spoken, and depending on the alternation of consonants and vowels for their definition; but by a great many and various sounds the birds express a considerable number different feelings, and their calls and cries are always understood, and if there is occasion, heeded by other birds. These feel-

ing, include alarm, love, jealousy, contentment, pain and pleasure.

Professor Wood asserts that the common crow has a vocabulary more expressive and of a wider range than that of many of the finest song-birds. And the American wild turkey affords one of the best illustrations of the versatility of bird language. The turkey has a perfectly distinguishable vocabulary of at least a dozen words. Its constant peril from half a dozen sources, overhead and underfoot, has rendered it necessary that it shall possess a special call or alarm for each of these perils.

For danger from overhead, as from a hawk or an eagle, the turkey has a low note, well drawn out, which cautions every member of a flock. For immediate danger it gives an entirely different note, quick, sharp, tremulous, which is instantly taken by the other turkeys to mean, "Hide! hide instantly! The enemy! the enemy!"

When danger threatens from a fox or a dog, a distinctly different signal must be used. It signifies, "Take wing!" and the turkeys who hear it are instantly in the air. The same note is used when there is other danger on the ground, only the note is prolonged instead of being quickly uttered, and in this case the turkeys do not at once take to flight; but the feeding ceases, and with necks stretched to their longest to enable the eye to see as far as possible, the flock circles around until it has covered an area great enough to show that the alarm was groundless.

When in a field where the food is plentiful and good, the turkey makes a sound expressive of contentment, varying at the different stages, until the final word from the patriarch of the flock checks the meal, and away the birds go.

The common hen is not far behind the turkey in her vocabulary. The hen, Professor Wood says, is a much more fluent talker than the rooster. Her cackle is used for three different purposes, and each cackle is different from the other cackles. One she uses when seeking a nest, or when calling for her mate; one when she is frightened; and another, of a very triumphant sort as she flies from or to the nest.

The hen has songs of three distinct types—the love song, a happy response to her mate; the song of indifference when idly hunting for food indicating no certain purpose in her movement; and the lullaby song, a low, crooning, soothing note, hushing the young chickens to sleep.

The variations of the notes of birds seem to be as endless as their needs.

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NEW JERSEY CENTRAL

TO PHILADELPHIA.

"A Train Every Hour."

Direct to Reading Terminal. COACHES AND PARLOR CARS LATEST DESIGN.

BUY THE NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE

Do not be deceived by those who advertise a \$60.00 Sewing Machine for \$20.00. This kind of a machine can be bought from us or any of our dealers from \$15.00 to \$18.00.

WE MAKE A VARIETY.

THE NEW HOME IS THE BEST. The Feed determines the strength or weakness of Sewing Machines. The Double Feed combined with other strong points makes the New Home the best Sewing Machine to buy.

Write for CIRCULARS showing the different styles of Sewing Machines we manufacture and prices before purchasing.

THE NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO. ORANGE, MASS. 28 Union Sq. N. Y., Chicago, Ill., Atlanta, Ga., St. Louis, Mo., Dallas, Tex., San Francisco, Cal. FOR SALE BY

ELECTRIC NOVELTIES.



Electric Flash Light.

Electric Vest Pocket Searchlight, \$5 cents, \$7.00, \$1.50, \$1.50
Electric Flash Light, \$1.50, \$1.50
Electric Scarf Pin Lights, \$1.50 and 2.00
Electrically Lighted Candles, \$1.50 to \$5.00
Electric Bicycle Lights, \$1.50 to \$5.00
Electric Gas Lighters, \$1.50
Electric Dashboard Carriage Lights, \$1.50
Electric Candle Lights, \$1.50 to \$5.00
Electric Home Lights, \$1.50
Electric Head Reflector Lights, \$1.50
Electric Physician's Pocket Sets, \$1.50 to \$5.00
Electric Cigar Lighters, \$1.50 and 4.00
Electric Watchman's Lanterns, \$1.50
Electric Book Lights, \$1.50
Electric Ruby Lamps for Photographers, \$1.50 and 3.50
Electric Medical Batteries, \$1.50 to \$5.00
Electric Walking Cane, \$1.50 to \$5.00
Palo Clocks (Wonder of the new century), \$1.50 to \$5.00

W. E. Shaw, Electrician, Room 33, 1140 Columbus Ave., BOSTON MASS.

FAIR FAIR

for the Benefit of the Parish House Memorial

TO BE HELD IN THE

Guild Room of St. Ann's Church.

(148TH STREET, WEST OF AMSTERDAM AVENUE)

Thursday, Friday and Saturday
December 7th, 8th and 9th, 1905

From three to ten o'clock P.M.

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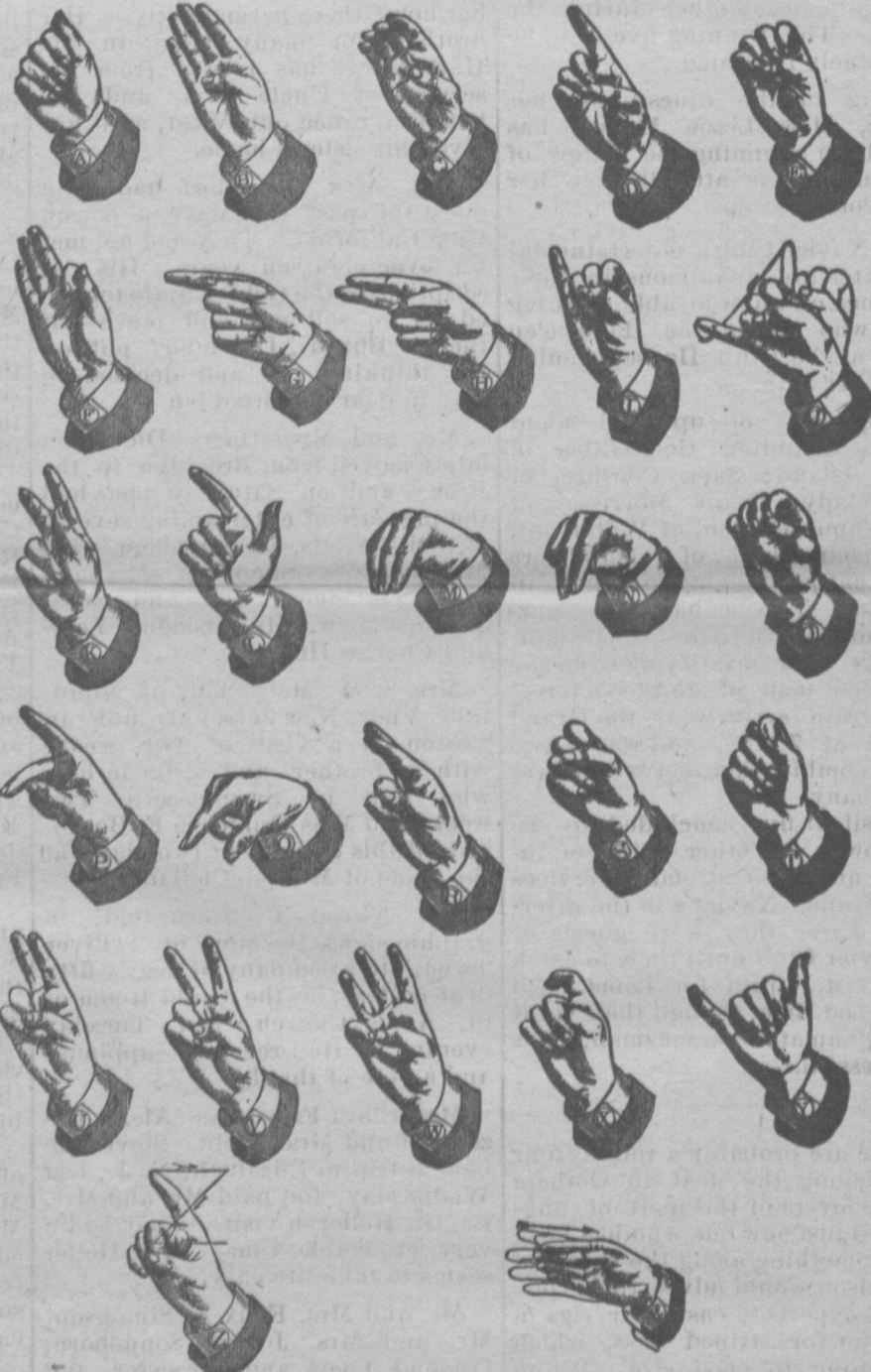
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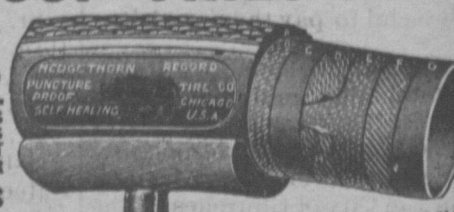
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